I see as in a mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated, and domeſtike broiles
Cleane ouerblowne, themſelues the conquerours,
Make warre vpon themſelues, blood againſt blood.
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuarie.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gracious Ladie go,
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace,
The ſeale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the ſanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets ſound. Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne,
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No vncle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But looke not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.

Pri

Pri. God keepe me from falſe frien
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of Londo
Enter Lord M
Lo. M. God bleſſe your grace, with
Prin. I thanke you good my L. a
I thought my mother, and my broth
Would long ere this haue met vs on
Fie, what a lug is Haſtings, that he
To tell vs whether they will come o
Buck. And in good time, here co
Pri. Welcome my Lord: what w
Haſt. On what occaſion, God he
The Queene your mother, and you
Haue taken ſanctuarie: The tender
Would faine haue come with me, t
But by his mother was perforce wi
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and pe
Is this of hers? Lo. Cardinall, will y
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the
Vnto his princely brother preſentl
If ſhe denie, Lo. Haſtings go with
And from her iealous armes pluck
Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if
Can from his mother winne the D
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe
To milde entreaties, God in heaue
We ſhould infringe the holy priui
Of bleſſed ſanctuarie, not for all th
Would I be guiltie of ſo deepe a ſi
Buc. You are too ſenceleſſe ob
Too ceremonious and traditional
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe
You breake not ſanctuarie in feaz
The benefit thereof is alwaies gra
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue de
And thoſe who haue the wit to cl
This Prince hath neither claimed
And therefore in mine opinion, c